



Mimi Agulia.

New York, Jan. 2.—All the Salomes that New York has ever seen are out-Salomed by Mimi Agulia.

But Agulia is no mere actress. Her dance of the seven veils is worthy of a performer whose lifetime has been given to dancing as an interpretive art. It is a dance, also, which causes folks to gasp, and blush, and titter, the way really nice people do titter when they are horribly shocked.

And then, when Salome finally gets the head of John the Baptist from

Herod and lies down on the floor to enjoy a few emotional moments while caressing her ghastly trophy—well, one can only wonder where may be the police who descended upon "The Lure," "The House of Bondage," the white slave movies and other comparatively innocuous attractions. Those cops just ought to see Mimi.

"Salome" is being given as a curtain-raiser to a pretty little comedy called "The Marriage Game," which has been running for some time at the Comedy theater. The combination makes about the weirdest assort-